

25 Cents  
a Year—  
15 Cents  
in Clubs  
of Five  
or More.

# The Fool-Killer

When you  
get hold of  
something  
good, pass  
it around.  
Send in a  
big club.

THIS PAPER, IN SPITE OF ITS NAME, DOES NOT BELIEVE IN KILLING PEOPLE.

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## GOSSIP IN THE PANTRY.

The Cabbage bowed her queasily head,  
The Ham boiled through with rage,  
The Salt ran down the cellar,  
For counsel with the Sage.

The old Potato winked his eye,  
The Pepper sneezed a tear,  
The Ginger burned up with disdain,  
The Corn pricked up her ear,

The Steak alone in sympathy,  
Did smother back a scoff,  
The eggs were so much mortified  
A dozen scrambled off.

The entire pantry neighborhood  
Seemed to be all awry;  
The naughty Cold-Sliced Tongue had  
told  
A Concentrated Lye.

## GOT IT FIXED!

Dear Readers:

Ever since the sickness in my family got so bad that I couldn't give my personal attention to the office work The Fool-Killer has been dragging behind and going to the bad from neglect. I have been trying all the while to find some one who could take full charge of the mechanical department and get out the paper promptly and on time without my personal attention.

At last I seem to have found a way. I will continue to edit the paper and give you the dope red-hot from the skillet, but the printing and mailing will be in charge of another man. When he once catches up he thinks it will be an easy matter to keep up.

With the other part of the work off my hands I can manage to do the writing, and do it better than I have been doing with the whole burden on me; while the office manager, having nothing to do but print and mail, can rush that part of it and keep it right up to time.

It has been a great grief to me that The Fool-Killer has had to drag behind and come out with such irregularity. I know just how you readers and club-raisers have felt about it, and I don't blame you one bit for getting restless and impatient. I know when people subscribe for a paper they want it, and they want it at the right time. No paper can prosper long if it isn't sent out that way. Indeed, I believe any other paper except The Fool-Killer would have been dead long ago under such conditions. The fact that it is still living and paying its way proves that it has wonderful vitality.

And now we are going to put this famous paper to "doing about" again in good earnest. I have made promises before, some of which I have not been able to

keep, but I think you may depend on this one. Tell all your friends that The Fool-Killer is putting in a new lynch-pin and belly-band and that it is going to strike its old gait again pretty soon. By early fall, or before, we expect to have the thing humming like the 100-H. P. motor of a new flying-machine.

JAMES L. PEARSON.

## IN THE MOUNTAINS.

"Let me tell you a good one on Dock Whittle," said the mountaineer at the cross road's store. Last week Dock hitched up the old mare, piled his old woman an' kids into the wagon, an' took 'em over across the mounting to where the new railroad's being built, jest to see the kyars.

"None of 'em had ever seen a railroad train. Dock, ner the ole woman an' the kids, nor the old mare either; so Dock he feels sort oneasy. Thinkin' he be on the safe side, he onhitched the mare and tied her to a saplin; then he went back where the old woman an' the kids was settin' in the wagon in the middle of the road. Dock thinks he'll pull 'em down the road a piece so they kin see better, so he takes hold of the shafts an' started; but just then Hoot! Hoot?" come that train of kyars, an' jumpin' Jerushy! Dock run away with the wagon, the old woman an' the kids begun to cry an' holler, an' away they went down the side of the mounting, and like to a-busted ever'thing to pieces.

"Dock says the old mare was the only one that wa'n't skeered plum to death, an' next time he's going to leave her alone an' tie hisself to a saplin."

## HE STILL LIVES.

Here is a good story of man who was determined to commit suicide: He went to a store and purchased a rope, a cup of oil, a box of matches, a dose of arsenic and a revolver. He went down to the river and pushed the boat from the shore and rowed to where a limb hung over; saturated his clothing with the coal oil, lighted a match and set fire to his clothing, took the dose of arsenic, put the muzzle of the revolver to his temple, pushed the boat from him and pulled the trigger. But the bullet glanced and cut the rope above him and he fell kerflop into the river; the water put the fire out, and he got strangled and coughed up the arsenic. He arose and swam out and declared himself a candidate for the legislature on the reform ticket.

## An Awful Accident.

The Fool-Killer got its legs tangled up in April's whiskers, and in struggling to get loose it fell plum over into the lap of June. May was in there somewhere, but it never touched it.

## SOME COURTING.

Last spring I went over to see Ointment Brown about building a joint line fence between our farms, and found him and Mrs. Ointment sitting on the front softly singing Old Hundred and putting a collar on the dog. Ointment greeted me cheerfully and remarked: "When a famby's got eight marriageable darters on hand, it's purty good jedgment to tie up the dog on Saturday nights and give the young men the freedom of the ranch."

Mrs. Ointment snickered and remarked: "Gee, I don't think one dog cud keep the boys away from our girls! but it's sensible to be cautious. Some young men are drefully affeard of hydrofoby when they're in love. I believe Jane's beau has got hydrofoby now, 'cause he won't drink water. He allers axes for cider—he, he, he, haw, haw!"

Katie and her young man were swinging in the hammock at the far end of the porch, so Mr. Brown said we'd go in the house to talk over business matters. In the sitting room we stumbled over Mary and young Wartnoggie sitting in the dark, so Brown led the way to the kitchen. There we found Lola and young Hooter popping corn. Brown never stopped but led the way to the parlor with a lighted lamp in his hand, for he said one who wasn't used to scenes like these might fall over a spooning couple and break a leg. In the hall we found Sarah and Jim Smutclabber sitting on a single chair, and Brown proposed to go back and get another one, but the young people giggled and told him to never mind them. Brown laughed and we shoved on into the parlor, where we found Rachel and Tom Bonnyclabber.

"Well, by the jumpin' geeze-wax!" exclaimed Brown, "we'll hafter go into the vestibule to hold our confab, 'cause every available room is ockerpide." In the vestibule we found Drucilla and Jim Jiggerbob, so we started for the second story. On the stairs we passed Bula and Ebenezer Smucker, and in the upstairs sewing room we found Bella and Sam Watkins.

"Well, by thunder! this love makin' mill must be running full blast, with orders enough to keep

her goin' till fall!" exclaimed Brown. "We'll pull for the garet." Well, would you believe it? In the attic we found Araminta and Job Cridler searching through an old trunk for a letter!

"We'll pull for the barn!" exclaimed Brown, as he turned and went down the stairway two steps at a bound. You won't believe it, but it is as true as preaching—on the steps leading up to the threshing floor we found the hired man and Mr. Brown's maiden sister studying the stars, she a pointing out the big dipper and the constellation of the big bear, and the hired man holding one hand, so she couldn't point to the heavens with both hands, and thus confuse him in following her two-handed directions.

Brown led the way past the barn and we went away out in the meadow and sat on a pine stump, but even here several young couples coming home from singing school took a near cut path through the fields and interrupted our tete-a-tete. And I declared right there, to myself of course, that if I had my choice to go to heaven, or remain young enough for 200 years to take part in a country courtship, I'd choose to remain on earth. And when, at 190 years, I felt too old to do any courting myself, I'd sit on a pine stump and watch the loving young people go by.

## NO MUSICIAN IS THE MULE.

The mule has no bent for music—he has only inclination. He is not a musical bird. He was never meant to thrill great multitudes with his voice. He was never intended to lull the world to sleep just as the stars come peeing out like frightened children from behind the curtain of the skies. He was cast for some other mission in life. His voice needs half-soling.

When a mule starts to use his voice, he sticks out his nose, lays back his ears and pulls his breath in and out in a very disagreeable way. A mule draws his breath in as if there were a cow on the track and blows it out as if there were a whole herd just this side of the crossing. A person listening to a mule, even at his best, cannot help wishing that the well-meaning creature would take his voice out and have it re-seated.

## Hirsute.

There was a young man in Monroe  
Who wanted his mustache to groe.

Every morning at nine  
He stroked the down fine  
And muttered, "O, pshaw, ain't it  
sloe?"